

# New News of Yesterday

By E. J. EDWARDS

## Murderer Weed Admired

Famous Politician's Story of the Finest Exhibition of Physical and Moral Courage That He Ever Had Witnessed.

"I once asked Thurlow Weed, who was my lifelong friend, what was the finest exhibition of physical and moral courage he had ever witnessed," said the late Charles C. Clarke, who was long vice president of the New York Central railway system, and the right hand man of Commodore Vanderbilt in the building of the system, and the appraiser upon the estate of Thurlow Weed following the death in 1882 of that famous Whig and Republican politician and president maker.

"Mr. Weed told me that when he was a young man there was an exhibition of moral and physical courage which came under his observation more impressive than any other that he had witnessed in his long career. He added that if he wrote an autobiography, as he thought of doing, he should refer to the incident. Mr. Weed did write a brief account of the incident, but that account did not compare with the verbal one he gave me, which I can repeat in almost his precise words.

"Soon after I went to the city of Albany, N. Y., to live in my early manhood," he said, "I was told that there was to be a public hanging of a soldier and I was invited to witness the execution. A morbid curiosity led me to accept the invitation.

"The execution was to take place in a field perhaps a mile from the Albany barracks, where this soldier had been stationed. I walked out to the field with a friend and after a while I saw a wagon coming, in which was seated a young man who was bareheaded. He was chatting in a pleasant manner with two men who were seated beside him. I was informed that he was the man who was to be hanged; I had already been told that the young soldier had been convicted of the murder of the captain of his company. He had shot the captain in a sudden heat of passion because the captain had reprimanded him.

"At last the wagon stood behind the gallows which had been extemporized. The young man calmly watched the constables as they adjusted the rope. Then, perfectly self-possessed, he mounted a ladder. It did not seem to me to be a bravado on his part; his attitude was that of a soldier who was facing death with intrepidity. The boy—for he was scarcely more than a lad—had said that he deserved death, that it was a crime to attack an officer, no matter what the provocation, a crime for which no excuse could be given.

"As the ladder was twitched away and the body fell, the rope broke.

What did that young man do? He helped the constables to remove the rope. Then he sat upon a box and advised them to go as speedily as possible into Albany and get a strong Manila rope. He told them that they should have tested the rope before using it upon him. And while two or three constables went for another rope he sat there upon the box, chatting with the guards, and I observed that at one moment he spoke confidentially to a gentleman who seemed to be a sort of spiritual adviser to him.

"At last the constables returned with a stout rope. The condemned man took it from their hands and tested it. He told them that he thought it was strong enough; then they adjusted the rope, fixed the noose around his anew, and he again mounted the ladder and then fell, and in due time his body was taken down.

"That," said Mr. Weed, "was physical courage. Now let me tell you about the moral courage; I learned

of that afterward. This young man had enlisted as a soldier, for that was the only career possible for him; he was the son of a very distinguished merchant of New York City, but he was born out of wedlock and he knew who his father was. While he was waiting for the second rope, the gentleman I observed talking with the boy asked him if he desired to have his parents know of his fate. He had enlisted under an assumed name.

"No," said the boy, "do not do that. My father has already suffered enough for the mistake of my being. Let him never know that his son was hanged."

"Afterward," concluded Mr. Weed, "I learned who that father was, but I have never revealed the secret to any living person, and I have never ceased to admire that boy—murderer though he was—for the physical and moral courage he displayed in the clutches of death."

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### Castles in Spain.

A good many castles in Spain seem to be in danger these days.

## Wealth Did Not Spoil Her

Mrs. Leland Stanford, Her Husband's Chief Counselor, Received Social Distinctions Simply and With Unaffected Demeanor.

The late Leland Stanford, governor of California in 1861, the original planner of the Central Pacific railroad, the builder of over 500 miles of that railroad at the rate of two miles a day, the promoter who drove the final spike of the Central Pacific at Promontory Point, Utah, in 1869, United States senator from 1885 until his death in 1893, and the creator of the Leland Stanford university with an endowment of \$20,000,000, sometimes in speaking of his career and its great triumphs would say to his friends:

"I owe it all, first, to the training in early boyhood which I received from my mother, and second, to my wife, with whom I formed an acquaintance that ripened into betrothal when I was a young man on a farm near Albany, N. Y., and she a school girl at Albany."

In all of Leland Stanford's career in California, whether he went after his brief experiment as a lawyer in Wisconsin, largely because he was encouraged to do so by the young woman who became his wife, his chief counselor, the one person in whom he placed implicit confidence, was that wife. It was she who encouraged him to persevere while others pronounced the Pacific railroad project a chimera, saying that it was impossible to carry

a railroad over the Rocky mountains. When wealth came and Governor Stanford had become distinguished for public services, Mrs. Stanford remained the same unassuming, unostentatious woman that she was in the days when her husband and herself were beginning their careers. She was fully competent to maintain all of the social dignities and proprieties which were incumbent upon her husband as governor and afterward as United States senator, but she cared very little for what is called social life, and her chief delight was in her domestic circle, surrounded by a few friends who cared for her rather than for her fortune and the position of her husband.

Shortly after Leland Stanford went to Washington as United States senator, Mrs. Stanford received almost innumerable social tributes. The great wealth of her husband, his distinguished career in public life and his prominence as the originator of the Central Pacific railroad all served to make her more conspicuous than the wives of any but two or three of the senators. But how simply and with what unaffected demeanor she received these social distinctions one anecdote will illustrate.

Shortly after her arrival in Washington with her husband a committee, whose members were among the proudest and most distinguished of women in Washington associated with official life, called upon Mrs. Stanford. They laid before her the prospectus for a great charity ball. They told her that it was the hope to raise by means of the ball a larger amount of money for the particular philanthropy they had in view than had ever before been earned by an entertainment for charity; and they added that they sought permission to add Mrs. Stanford's name to the list of patronesses, all of whom, they assured her, were to be ladies of high official distinction.

Mrs. Stanford looked over the list. She discovered in it the names of almost every woman of social prominence in Washington. To be a patroness of that entertainment was to wear the badge of the national capital's social aristocracy. But Mrs. Stanford, turning to the ladies, said:

"I thank you for your kindness in asking me to become a patroness of this charity ball. But I ought to say to you that I am a very plain woman. I have never cared very much about balls or that kind of thing. I should not care about that kind of pleasure now. It would not interest me. But I am greatly interested in your philanthropy and I will ask you, instead of accepting my name as a patroness, to accept something else which I will now give you."

She went to her desk in an adjoining room, wrote something upon a slip of paper and gave the slip to the ladies. When they looked at the writing, they saw that it was a check for five hundred dollars.

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### Five Hours' Difference.

"How is that lazy son of Bland's getting along now that he's gone to London?" asked Hicks. "Showing any signs of a brace?"

"I guess so," returned Wattles. "His father showed me a letter the other day, and the kid says he's up every morning at six o'clock."

"London time or New York?" asked Hicks.—Harper's Weekly.

### Her Part.

"Your husband says you proposed to him."

"That's quite right. Everything of importance that my husband ever got credit for doing, I either did or showed him how."

### More Work.

"I wish these people had more company," complained the housemaid.

"Why?" asked the cook.

"When nobody sits in the chairs, I have to dust them off myself."

## Mystery of Great Man's Name

How Munson E. Pierpont, Farmer's Son and Yale Student, Became Edwards Pierpont to Please His Rich and Aristocratic Wife.

Edwards Pierpont was in his day one of the leaders of the American bar, and his name is not yet forgotten. He was counsel for the government in the prosecution of John M. Surratt, accused of complicity in the plot to assassinate President Lincoln. He was attorney general in the cabinet of President Grant, who was very fond of him. And he resigned that office to accept appointment, in 1875, as minister to the court of St. James, where he served until 1877.

In all of the biographies of Edwards Pierpont it is stated that he was a graduate of the famous class of 1837 at Yale, of which also William M. Everts was a member. But if Yale's records of that day and the catalogue at that time are scanned, the name of Edwards Pierpont will not be found there. How, then, does it happen that the biographers of Judge Pierpont declare that he was a member of this class?

My attention was called to this by the late Albert L. Train, himself a member of the famous class of 1853 at Yale, and afterward one of the leading editors of Connecticut.

"I met Mr. Everts," said Mr. Train, "at the Yale commencement of 1877. His class was holding its fortieth graduation anniversary. Distinguished as he was, he was then presumably at the height of his public career, for in March of that year he had become secretary of state in the cabinet of President Hayes.

"In the course of our conversation I said to Mr. Everts that it was an unusual honor for a Yale class that two of its members should have been attorney general of the United States.

"I suppose," Mr. Everts said in reply, "that you refer to my own service as attorney general in President Johnson's cabinet. But who was the other attorney general in my class?"

"Why," said I, "Edwards Pierpont was of your class, was he not?"

"There was no man of that name in my class, Mr. Train," Mr. Everts replied with great solemnity of manner. "It is true that Judge Pierpont was recently attorney general of the

United States. But there was no Edwards Pierpont in the class of 1837 at Yale. There was, however, a Munson E. Pierpont in my class; he was a farmer's boy and came from a little village a few miles from New Haven. We used to call him 'Munny'; that was our nickname for him. But there was no Edwards Pierpont, which is a very aristocratic name."

"Puzzled greatly by Mr. Everts' statement, I hunted up a Yale catalogue. It contained the name of Munson E. Pierpont, but there was no Edwards Pierpont in the list. Some months later, however, the whole matter was made plain to me, and then I realized fully how greatly Secretary Everts must have enjoyed the joke he had played upon me at the expense of his good friend Edwards Pierpont. Mr. Everts, great wit and lover of fun that he was, was especially fond of the sly joke.

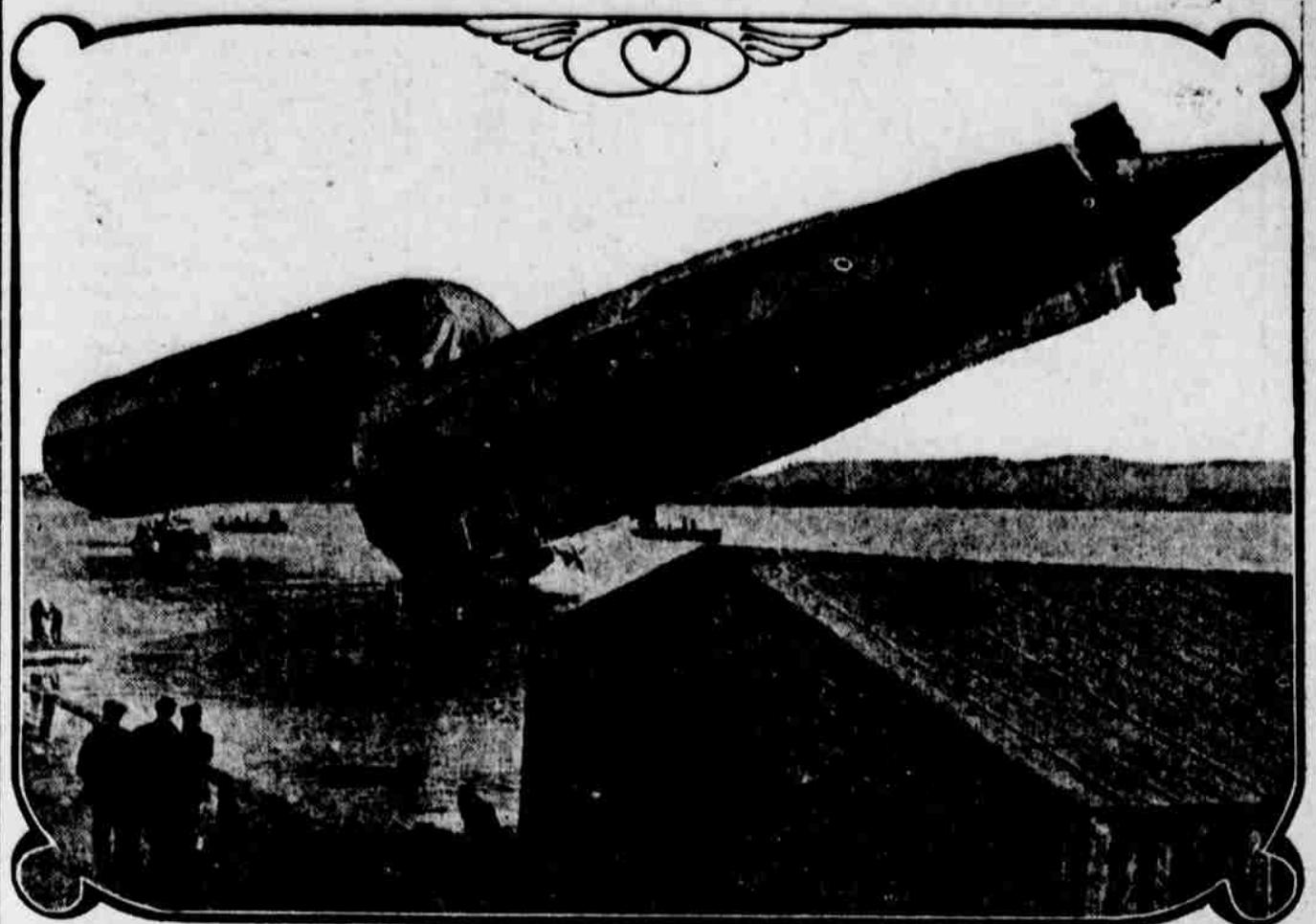
"Edwards Pierpont and Munson E. Pierpont—it turned out on investigation—were one and the same person. But there was no Edwards Pierpont until Munson E. Pierpont, following his graduation from Yale, had gone to Columbus, Ohio, to practice law and there fallen in love with and married a rich widow of aristocratic tendencies, who induced Munson Pierpont to drop his first name, substitute for it his middle name of Edward, with an 's' added thereto, and change the spelling of his last name from the simple and common form of 'Pierpont' to the complex and aristocratic form of 'Pierpont.' Subsequently Mr. Everts' old classmate moved to New York city and opened a law office. The name that he placed on the door was the one that his wife had induced him to take. And, do you know, it was quite a while before Mr. Everts and other New Yorkers who had known Munson E. Pierpont in his college days well enough to call him 'Munny' and slap him affectionately on the back, discovered their old college chum in the person of Edwards Pierpont!"

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### Avoiding Hasty Opinions.

Doctor—"I don't understand your case at all. We must wait for the post-mortem examination."

## WRECKED BEFORE SHE EVER MADE A FLIGHT



THE MAY FLY AFTER ITS FALL

THE May Fly, a dirigible built for the British navy at a cost of about \$200,000, met with disaster recently when she was taken out of the shed for her first trial flight. Fortunately there was no loss of life, although the officers and men in charge of the vessel were for a time in an extremely perilous position, during which they behaved with great courage and coolness. Almost immediately after coming out of the shed the airship was caught by the wind, heeled over, and eventually broke her back. Her fate will probably cause the abandonment of lighter-than-air craft in favor of the heavier-than-air biplane or monoplane.

## ASK NEW CALENDAR

British Statesman Would Rearrange Months of Year.

Every Month Would Begin on Sunday—New Year Day and Leap Year Separate—Many Other Novel Features in Scheme.

London.—Sir Henry Dalsiel, leader of the ultra-radicals in the house of commons, the father of the bill which aims at giving Scotland local self-government had just prepared a bill to alter the calendar. This bill, known as the fixed calendar bill, contains some novel features. As the memorandum which accompanies it explains, the bill proposes to substitute for the present irregular calendar a fixed calendar having regular periods, of which the week is the common measure.

In this, as in other features, it differs from the calendar reform bill, introduced in the house of commons in 1909, but which never got beyond the second reading stage.

That bill sought to make the months as uniform in length as possible, but as a difference in this respect is unavoidable in a year with 12 months, it is thought better to increase that difference so as to allow of the week being a common measure of all months. This arrangement makes it possible for each month to begin on a Sunday and end on a Saturday.

A table giving the proposed fixed calendar shows that the months of January, February, April, May, July, August, October and November would each consist of 28 days, while the remaining months of March, June, September and December would each have 35 days. "New Year day" is set apart, thus bringing the total of days up to the requisite number of 365 days, while for leap year a special day is set apart for "Leap day," which is to be intercalated between the last day

## YANKEE ANKLES TOO BEEFY

"Better Fifty Years of Europe Than an Instep of Back Bay," Paraphrases Briton in Boston.

Boston.—Literary England doesn't like the ankles of the women of America. Alfred Tennyson, Dickens, son of the novelist and godson of the poet, cries aloud in paraphrase of his godfather:

"Better fifty years of Europe than an instep of Back Bay."

At the City club Mr. Dickens told the sad story of how, walking about, his eyes cast down, presumably through homesickness for London, he caught a glimpse of Boston ankles and how his soul cried out in horror: "Beefy! Beefy! as Mrs. Micawber's own!"

Mr. Dickens said later he was only attempting to be a little humorous in a land where he had heard humor was lightly thought of. He gave his word not to touch on such a dainty topic again as long as he lived.

### Judge Is Expert With Needle.

Hot Springs, S. D.—Emmett B. Cook, justice of the peace, aged 61 years, devotes several hours every day to the making of fancy work. One of the features of the exhibit at the state fair from this county will be a crazy quilt made by him.

Sewing is Mr. Cook's hobby. He learned it as a child. Although once famous in New York state as a ball player, he has become more noted for doing fancy work.

Since the death of his wife, a few years ago, he has lived alone. He devoted several hours each day to his crazy quilt patches.

## MONEY ADRIFT THREE YEARS

Pocketbook Dropped From Boat in Delaware Bay Comes Ashore and Owner Recovers Valuables.

Lewes, Del.—Dr. Harry Hickman of Philadelphia has recovered his pocketbook and \$120 which it contained. Three years ago he dropped it from a launch into Delaware bay. The pocketbook was found by the little daughter of Ernest Lynch, who picked it up on a marsh where she was driving a cow, where it was probably washed by some winter storm.

Three years ago Dr. Hickman, who was visiting here, was in a launch party and dropped his pocketbook overboard. Search was made for it, but no trace was discovered. Some of the money found by the girl was redeemed at the National Bank here and the rest, which was badly soaked and torn, sent to Washington for redemption. Although the pocketbook contained Dr. Hickman's name in it when it was lost, the card was gone when it was returned to him.

## SNEEZE PLAYS GREAT HAVOC

Big Indian Elephant Performs Her Triennial Feast, Shaking Building and Breaking Glass.

London.—Daisy, the big Indian elephant, which sneezes once in three years, performed her triennial feat the other afternoon at the Bostock Jungle, White City. As results of her sneeze:

Huge pieces of plaster fell from the ceiling.

Four windows were broken.

An electric light cluster was smashed.

A party of thirty schoolboys were watching Daisy, which had been motionless for more than an hour, when suddenly the animal gave a scream, reared up on its hind legs and, giving vent to a roar that shook the jungle to its foundations, spurted a stream of water over them, drenching them to the skin.

Daisy laid down immediately after her sneeze and went to sleep.

## NEWEST THING IN COOKING

From Paris Comes an Innovation Which Will Eliminate Present Curses to Menu of Host.

Chicago.—And now it is odorless cookery.

Straight from Paris, and also from a master chef of that epicurean metropolis, has come the latest item of civilization by which modern civilization makes its progress, and a bevy of Chicago matrons, young women who have "come out" and others soon to do the same crowded the instruction rooms of the Chicago School of Domestic Arts and Sciences to learn of the newest thing in cookery.

For no longer are palates to be tickled and mouths to water on Thanksgiving morning at the fragrance of roasting turkey, and the higher cost of turkey will not necessarily be responsible.

No longer are the breezes to waft more of frying onion and boiling cabbage from your neighbor's kitchen to your living rooms than that neighbor gets when his dinner is served.

And never more will houses become saturated with stale reminiscences of the failures and mistakes of cooks who might have been more accomplished in their vocation.

Investment in a few paper bags is all that is necessary for the new style of cookery. It is almost utensil-less, as well as odorless, and the hours and energy employed in scraping pots and pans hereafter will be saved.

The greater part of an elaborate dinner was placed in a single compartment of one oven by cookery stu-

dents of the School of Domestic Arts and Sciences this morning. And when onions, trout, bacon, baked apples, potatoes, stuffed tomatoes and several other edibles were cooking steadily at the same time, a nose held so close to the oven as to be in danger of scorching could not detect any odor whatever.

### Mosquito Saved His Life.

Sharon, Pa.—A mosquito saved the life of John Mahoney the other day. He was passing a building in course of construction when a workman on the top floor accidentally dropped a heavy hammer.

At the same instant a mosquito tried to alight on Mahoney's nose, causing him to jerk his head backward. The hammer grazed his face and chipped a piece out of the stone pavement.

Had the hammer struck Mahoney on the head it would have crushed his skull. Mahoney declared that the mosquito's attack was so vicious that the pain had caused him to throw his head back, saving his life.

Buy Land by the Inch. Louisville, Ky.—Public-spirited citizens of a West Louisville neighborhood are buying a lot 250 feet square at the rate of about \$1.25 a front inch. When the lot is all sold it will be presented to the trustees of the Louisville free library as a site for a new branch, the money for which is in hand, but awaiting presentation of a site. No site donor coming forward, the people devised a novel scheme to raise \$3,200 for the site.